DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

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THE GREAT TEMPERANCE ORATOR.

Sometimes Mr. Gough found it rather tiresome to be so popular. He tells us that one day when he was feeling very tired and trying to get a little rest, he was informed that two ladies had called to see him. Well, he went to speak to them, and when he asked them politely their business, what silly answer do you suppose they made?

They said: "We wanted to see what you looked like in the day time." No wonder Mr. Gough felt a little vexed at having been disturbed!

But although there were people who went to hear the great orator from mere curiosity, and perhaps were never really the better, because they did not act upon his good advice and become total abstainers, there were very many who not only heard what he had to say, but resolved, when they had heard him, to give up intoxicating drinks for the rest of their lives. And to some of them, oh, what a great deal this meant! Boys and girls who have scarcely ever, if at all, tasted strong drink, should be thankful. But they cannot imagine what a terrible struggle it is to a person who has become a drunkard to lead a new life.

A fearfully wicked woman in Scotland once went to hear Mr. Gough, and he talked in such a way that night that her heart was touched, and she asked him at the end of the lecture to let her sign the pledge. Some one present said: "Don't give her the pledge, she'll be drunk again before night." But Mr. Gough trusted her when she promised that she would keep it, and allowed her to put her name down in the book He went to see her two years later, and found that she had kept it; although no one on earth could tell what dreadfully hard work it had been for her to do so.

"Sometimes," she said, "I dream I'm drunk, and then I get out of my bed, and I go down on my knees, and I don't go back to my bed till the daylight comes, and I keep saying: 'God keep me, *for* I canna get drunk ony mair!'" And God did keep the poor Scotchwoman, as He keeps all who trust in Him and do the right.

Another time a wretched-looking man and woman came forward together at the close of a lecture and signed the pledge, and having done so they stood still, and gazed at a gentleman who was making out certificates for those who wished to join the temperance society. For these certificates then cost sixpence each. They were pretty things with colored letters, and would be a constant reminder to those who bought them of the promise they had made.

"I want to join and get a stiff 'kit,'" said this poor man to his wife; but she objected because of the sixpence, and tried to induce him to be satisfied with what he had done, and go home with her. Still he refused, saying again that he wanted a "stiff kit."

At last a gentleman who, with Mr. Gough, had been watching this couple with great interest, stepped forward, and handing the secretary a shilling, ordered certificates to be given them. But now another difficulty arose. It was impossible to read those funny shaky lines in the pledge-book, and it became necessary to ask them to say what their names were. The man gave his readily enough, he was so eager for one of those pretty, bright tokens of that night's work; but the woman stood silent when asked for hers. They waited patiently for her answer, but there she stood, a sad object in her dirty rags, and with a hard, dogged look upon her face. But presently something happened to show that she was not as hard as she looked just then. She lifted her arm and dashed away a tear, then another and another; they would come—so she covered her face with her hands and had her cry.

Then she gave her name, and received her certificate. The gentleman who had paid the shilling, turning to the man, laid his hand on his shoulder, and said kindly: "You are one of us, you must always remember you are one of us." That gentleman believed in the power of a kind word. The man did remember; and when three years afterwards he called to see Mr. Gough, he sent in this message: "Tell him it's 'one of us.'"

He brought good news of his wife as well as of himself. How glad and thankful they must have been that they ever went to hear Mr. Gough.—*Early Days.*

"ONE OF US."

CHARLEY'S THREEPENCE.

"I *say*, what do you think? Charley says he shall walk home instead of going by the train."

"Walk home such a day as this!" exclaimed several voices at once; trudge four miles through the mud when he can get there in ten minutes for threepence!"

Charley shook his head. "I am going to walk," he said; "the fact is, I cannot afford to ride. I ought not to have done so as often as I have lately; but I did not know *until last night* that we were so poor."

"So poor!" repeated two or three of his companions in a breath.

"Well, yes, we are poor," said Charley; "and I don't see why I need be ashamed of owning it. I did not know it, though, until a day or two ago. Of course I knew we were not rich, though I always had what I wanted in the way of books and clothes; but I never knew my mother had to work hard to get them for me. I do know it now."

"Then that is why you were so very anxious to get the situation at Crossley's?" said one of the boys.

"Yes. I must, and will, help my mother now," said Charley; "and I mean to begin by walking home."

While they were talking, Charley and his chosen friend had walked into a quiet corner by themselves; but now, as they turned to part, Charley noticed a shabbily dressed old man sitting on a seat close by.

"I believe he has been listening to all you said," remarked his friend.

"Much good may it do him," returned Charley, as he turned to leave the station.

But before he had gone a dozen

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yards the old man came hobbling after him. "Do you know Meadowbank, my lad?" he called, finding he could not overtake Charley.

"Yes, I know it, and everybody in it," said Charley; "for I've lived there all my life."

"Ah, then perhaps you know a widow who lives there—a well-to-do body named Bright."

"That is my mother!" exclaimed Charley; "but she is not well-to-do. We are poor people."

The old man shook his head. "Then I am afraid I shall not be a very welcome visitor," he said; "for I have been turned from the door of one of my relatives on account of my shabby coat."

"Are you a relative of my mother?" asked the boy, curiously.

"Yes; I am her brother Benjamin. Did you never hear her talk of her roving brother Ben?"

"Oh, yes, a great many times," replied Charley; "and I know my mother will be glad to see you. I am glad I have met you here, too, uncle, for it is a long walk to Meadowbank; but now you can go by the train." And before the old man could stop him, Charley had darted off to the ticket-office and paid his uncle's fare."

"There, now, you'll be all right," he said, when he came back, and gave his uncle the ticket. "Anybody will tell you the way to our house when you get out of the station, and you tell mother I shall be home soon."

"God bless you, my lad!" said the old man, fervently. "But must you walk home yourself?" he asked, as though he had not heard a word of the conversation that had passed.

"Oh, the walk is nothing to me," laughed Charley. "The train will be up in five minutes, uncle. Shall I wait and see you in, or can you manage the bundle by yourself?"

"I can manage it, my lad," he said. "Set off on your walk, and make haste home to your mother;" and he took the little bundle on his knee as he spoke, and patted it complacently.

It was not a very tidy-looking bundle, being rather clumsily tied up in an old blue cotton handkerchief; but the old man seemed to take great care of it now.

"I have something to live for now," he softly whispered to himself. "A boy who loves and cares for his mother, and is willing to deny himself for her sake, will make a true and upright man, by God's help; and I don't doubt but the lad has learned to look to Him from his mother's example."

As he had told Charley, he was quite able to take care of his bundle, and had very little difficulty in finding his way to Mrs. Bright's house; but a strange tremulousness came over him as he knocked at the door. "Suppose she should turn me away as the others have done!" he said, half aloud; and before he could recover himself Mrs. Bright opened the door.

The old man knew her, and seized her hand before she could speak. "Amy, have you quite forgotten your brother Ben?" he exclaimed.

Mrs. Bright had been crying, and the blinding tears were still in her eyes; but she recognized the voice at once, and threw her arms about his neck as she drew him into the house.

"I look but a sorry figure, Amy," said the old man, sadly. "I have been shipwrecked on my way home from India, and all I could save was this little bundle."

"Never mind; we will thank God that you yourself were saved," said Mrs. Bright, as she seated him in the arm-chair by the fire.

When Charley came home, some time after, and the three were seated at the tea-table, the widow seemed to have forgotten her present trouble in the joy of seeing her long-lost brother, hearing of his adventures, and telling what had happened to the rest of the family.

After their visitor had gone to bed, Charley asked his mother what she should do for Christmas now his uncle had come.

"I scarcely know, my boy," said Mrs. Bright, in perplexity; "for I am sure your uncle would not have a bit of anything if he thought I could not afford it."

"But uncle knows we are poor, mother," said Charley. "I told him that at the station."

"But he need not know how poor, Charley; and he shan't, if I can help it. His first Christmas day at home shall at least be a happy one."

So, after the cost of plums and currants had been discussed, it was decided that Charley and his mother would do without sugar or butter for a few weeks to meet this extra expense, and that the old man should know nothing of this self-denial. They little thought that in the little room beyond he had been listening to all their plans. Charley talked largely of plums and currants the next morning, and was busy all day fetching errands, and helping his mother in her various preparations.

The Christmas dinner was pronounced to be splendid by the old man, and he seemed to be the happiest of the three. He had insisted upon accompanying Charley to church in the morning, for he said he had much more to be thankful for than they supposed. Mrs. Bright, of course, thought he referred to the shipwreck, and whispered, softly, "Yes, Ben, we will all thank God to-day for bringing you safely home."

"Ah! and I'll thank Him too, for making you willing to take me in, Amy," said the old man.

After dinner he referred to this again; and, fetching the little bundle out of the next room, he slowly untied it, saying, as he did so, "You have given me my Christmas dinner. I have brought something with me by way of dessert."

Charley expected to see oranges and nuts, but, to his disappointment, there was only a large pile of soiled, crumpled papers.

"Rather dirty for bank-notes, are they not?" said the old man, spreading them out.

"Bank-notes!" exclaimed Charley and Mrs. Bright together.

"Yes, Charley, those bits of dirty paper represent five thousand pounds. I am not the poor old man you thought me; but before I let you know this, I wanted to find out whether you would welcome me for myself, and not for my wealth. Another thing—I wanted this money to be rightly used when I am gone; and those who cannot use small means well are not likely to do better with large; but you have taught me that I may trust you. You would not spend a penny unnecessarily on yourself, but for another you were willing to give it up. Charley, this wealth will by-and-by be yours, when I am gone, and in using it remember how you spent your threepence."

—*Friendly Greetings.*

VALUE OF ILLUSTRATION.

BY J. C. FERNALD.

Let a man stop you on the street, to-morrow morning, even if you are in a tremendous hurry, and inquire, "Did you hear what has happened to Smith?" And you will answer promptly, "No, what was it?" and wait at least a moment for the particulars. While, if he were to say, "I wish to impress upon you that a man ought to be very careful how he goes about the railway track," you would have an uncontrollable recollection of that previous engagement. It is very much so with a Sunday-school class. Suppose you begin with them by saying, "We are to study the very important and instructive subject of the Resurrection, and I hope you will all give me close attention," that hope is very likely to be disappointed. But suppose you begin by telling them of that sea-captain who was walking the deck one moonlight night, the only man on deck, when the great boom swept around and struck him into the sea, while the ship sped away, and no one knew that the master was gone till the time for changing the watch, two hours after, when they all knew he must be drowned, and sailed homeward with the sad news. How the captain was a strong, brave man, who did not believe God meant him to die till he had to, and kept himself up by all a swimmer's devices for two hours on the lonely ocean, till a vessel sailing to New Brunswick picked him up and carried him there, so that he arrived there some time after his own vessel sailed into Newburyport with the story of his loss. You won't have to ask anybody to give you attention. If you threaten to stop there, a flood of questions will be poured upon you, and all will be intently eager to hear how the wife and little children and pitying friends held their funeral service, without even the sad comfort of laying away the cold form of their dead, and how, when the husband and father stepped from the cars two days later, strong men turned pale with the sudden surprise; how they would not let him go to his house till the venerable pastor had gone before and tried to prepare the mind of the sorrowing wife for the faint possibility of his some time being heard of; and how, after all preparation, when he stepped over the threshold, the joyful surprise was so great that she fainted in his arms. Then it will be easy to get them to think how the disciples must have felt on that first Lord's Day morning, when they could say, "The Lord is risen indeed!"

The warrant for it is in the constant practice of the great teacher. How seldom he devoted a discourse to laying down principles, as in the Sermon on the Mount! How continually he called the people to hear a story: "Hear another parable!" And "the common people heard him gladly." In the providence of God, this same element was made to enter largely into the preaching of the apostles. "Ye shall be witnesses unto me," was their charge. And they were witnesses always testifying before a new jury, though in the same cause. They were going all over the earth, telling the story of the life, death, and resurrection of Jesus Christ. The fresh telling of this till then unheard story gave a special and constant vividness to their preaching.—*S. S. Times.*

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From International Question Book.)

LESSON XI.—SEPTEMBER 11.

GOLDEN PRECEPTS.—MATT. 7:1-12.

COMMIT VERSES 7-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.—Matt. 7:12.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The Golden Rule practised in daily life, would make a heaven on earth.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Matt. 7:1-12.
T. Luke 11:1-13.
W. Luke 13:24-35.
Th. Rom. 2:1-29.
F. Luke 6:37-49.
Sa. Jas. 1:19-27.
Su. Jas. 2:1-13.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

1. JUDGE NOT—to judge is not to form a true judgment of men and things, but to impute wrong motives to other's words or conduct; to condemn harshly or hastily. 2. FOR, etc.—retribution is sure to follow. Those who stab others with the tongue will be stabbed by others' tongues, as Haman was hung on his own gallows. METE—measure. 3. MOTE—a *stalk* or twig (a small fault). 4 BEAM—huge stick of timber (a great fault). 5. HYPOCRITE—because he pretends he is good by trying to make others good, when he is guilty himself, and is really rejoicing in their faults. THEN SEE CLEARLY—when one has repented and forsaken his own faults, he is in the only position where he can help others to get rid of their faults (not condemn, as before he wanted to). 6. HOLY—that which belongs to God; sacred things. UNTO DOGS—the Oriental dogs, not like ours, were prowling and fierce, feeding on garbage. They represent the fierce enemies of the truth. SWINE—unclean, sottish, sensual animals. 7. ASK, SEEK, KNOCK—a gradation; first asking, then using the means, then knocking at the door of one who can help. 9. BREAD, STONE—the Oriental loaves often looked like stones in shape and color. He would not give a useless thing when asked for a good one. 11. IF YE THEN, etc.—God is infinitely better than human parents, and loves infinitely more; and therefore is more ready and glad to give good things to those who ask him. 12. THIS IS THE LAW—he who does this does all that is commanded in the law, and by the prophets.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What is the subject of to-day's lesson? Repeat the Golden Text? When and where and by whom was this lesson spoken?

SUBJECT: THE GOLDEN RULE APPLIED TO DAILY LIFE.

I. APPLIED TO JUDGING OTHERS (vs. 1, 2).—What is the first command in the lesson? What is it to judge? Give some examples of judging. Why should we not judge others? Meaning of "mete"? By whom shall it be measured to us again?

II. APPLIED TO OUR TREATMENT OF FAULTS (vs. 3-6).—What is taught by the mote and the beam? Why are we more likely to see others' faults than our own? Does this harshly condemning others prove that we are more faulty than those we condemn? What is our first duty? (v. 5.) How does this enable us to help others? How incline us to help rather than condemn them? Who are referred to by "dogs"? By "swine"? What is it to cast holy things before them? Why should we not do it? What should we do? (Rom. 12:20, 21.)

III. SEEKING HELP TO OBEY THE GOLDEN RULE (vs. 7-11).—What three ways of seeking are given in v. 7? What is the difference between asking, seeking and knocking? How does Christ prove that the answer of prayer is certain to come? Will it always come in the way and time we expect? In what three ways may prayer be answered? Is it a real answer, if God gives us something better than we ask for? Give some examples of this. (Luke 22:41-43; 2 Cor. 12:7-9.)

IV. THE GOLDEN RULE (v. 12).—What is the Golden Rule? Why is it so called? What does it mean? How does obeying this fulfil all that is commanded in the law and the prophets? What kind of a world would it be if all should obey this rule? What change would it make in your conduct towards your parents? teachers? companions?

LESSON XII.—SEPTEMBER 18.

SOLEMN WARNINGS.—MATT. 7:13-29.

COMMIT VERSES 13, 14.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire.—Matt. 7:19.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The way of life and the way of death—choose ye.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Matt. 7:13-23.
T. Matt. 21:1-12.
W. Matt. 23:13-28.
Th. 1 Cor. 3:9-23.
F. Matt. 25:14-30.
Sa. Matt. 25:31-46.
Su. John 15:1-17.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

13. THE STRAIT GATE—the narrow, the difficult gate. The gate is the way to *heaven* and to life. It is narrow of necessity. If we would look at the north star we must look in one direction. There are millions of other directions, but *every one leads away from* the north star. 14. FEW THERE BE THAT FIND IT—there were few then, but it will not always be so. Every one can find it who seeks earnestly. 15. FALSE PROPHETS—those who pretend to speak from God, or to teach his truth, but really mean to teach error and destroy the Gospel. IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING . . . WOLVES—hiding great evil under the appearance of innocence. 16. BY THEIR FRUITS—the test of a tree is always the fruit it bears; so it is of a doctrine or religion. 17. GOOD TREE . . . GOOD FRUIT—the outer life is the outgrowth of the inner, as fruit grows out of the tree. 19. IS HEWN DOWN—those who do evil will be destroyed. Their *only good use is after they are dead* and harm no one, as a warning. 21. NOT EVERY ONE, etc.—many that talk and profess will not be saved, but only those who obey as well as talk. 24. HOUSE UPON A ROCK—in the East many houses are built by the water-courses which are dry in summer, but are subject to sudden floods which sweep away all houses built on the sand in the valley, but cannot touch those on the rock above. They seem safe till the floods come. THE ROCK—Jesus Christ. 26. THE SAND—feelings, professions, self-righteousness. 28. DOCTRINE—teaching. 29. AS HAVING AUTHORITY—Christ, being God, knows all things about heaven and goodness and the future; and he speaks what he knows, not what he has only reasoned out. SCRIBES—teachers in the synagogues, who interpreted and reasoned about the Scriptures.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What was the subject of the last lesson? What were some of the illustrations Christ used? What rule of life did he give us?

SUBJECT: SOLEMN WARNINGS AND ENTREATIES.

I. AGAINST THE BROAD ROAD TO DESTRUCTION (vs. 13, 14).—What two *ways* are described in these verses? Meaning of "strait"? To what does the narrow way lead? Who is the way? (John 14:6.) Where does the broad road lead? What is it to travel *on this road*? Which road do most people travel? What should we do in view of these facts? (Luke 13:24; Matt. 11:12.)

What reasons can you give why the way to life is narrow, while the way to destruction is broad? Is the way to all the best things, as to prosperity, education, character and usefulness, narrow? Will it always be true that the many are in the broad road, and the few in the narrow?

II. AGAINST FALSE PROPHETS (vs. 15-20).—What are "false prophets"? In what way do they usually come? Who are meant by the sheep here? Who by the wolves? How can we tell who are the false teachers? (v. 16.) Does the fruit always appear at first? What is represented by the good tree here? What by the fruits? (Gal. 5:22, 23; 1 Cor. 13:1-8.) What is the relation between the fruits and the tree? How does this show the relation between faith and works? (James 2:18, 22.) How may we bear good fruit? (John 15:4, 5.) What becomes of those who will not bear good fruit? (v. 19.)

III. AGAINST FALSE HOPES (vs. 21-23).—Who cannot enter Christ's kingdom? (v. 21.) Who can enter? What is the "will" of our Father? What kind of works can one do, and yet not be a Christian? (v. 22.) What kind prove that one is a Christian? (Gal. 5:22, 23; 1 Cor. 13:4-8.) Can you show the reason for this?

IV. AGAINST FALSE FOUNDATIONS (vs. 24-29).—Who are likened to a house on a rock? To what dangers are houses in the East subjected? Who is the Rock for us to build on? (1 Cor. 3:11.) What is it to build on Christ? (John 15:7; 3:16.) What are the floods and storms that assail us? Who are likened to the house on the sand? How long will it seem as good as the house on the rock? What will show the difference? What is it for us to build on the sand? (Matt. 5:20; 2 Tim. 3:5; Matt. 3:8.) How will our hopes be tested? What did the people think of Christ's teaching? Why could he speak with authority? (John 8:11-13.)

LESSON CALENDAR.

THIRD QUARTER, 1887.

6. Aug. 7.—Jesus in Galilee. Matt. 4:17-25.
7. Aug. 14.—The Beatitudes. Matt. 5:1-16.
8. Aug. 21.—Jesus and the Law. Matt. 5:17-26.
9. Aug. 28.—Piety Without Display. Matt. 6:1-15.
10. Sept. 4.—Trust in our Heavenly Father. Matt. 6:21-34.
11. Sept. 11.—Golden Precepts. Matt. 7:1-12.
12. Sept. 18.—Solemn Warning. Matt. 7:13-29.
13. Sept. 25.—Review, Temperance. Rom. 13:8-14. Missions. Matt. 4:12-16.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

USEFUL AND BEAUTIFUL.

Work-baskets that are able to stand on their own feet are a delightful addition to the summer piazza, they can be so readily removed from piazza to hall or vestibule, and as the piazza calls out the fancy embroideries and fascinating wool crocheting and knitting, their receptacle must be worthy of the contents, and always accessible. The small work-basket that is an ornament to the parlor table is a nuisance on the piazza, where it must be deposited on a chair that will probably be needed for a guest, or on the floor, where it becomes a foot-ball for passers-by. The following suggestion from a practical journal will be found to produce more than merely pretty results, because of their utility:—

"I will now describe a stand work-basket, which, with a little ingenuity, can be made at home, and forms a pretty trifle in a drawing-room or boudoir. The materials required are four tolerably slender walking-sticks, as much alike as possible, and all the same length. The basket part is composed of an ordinary cardboard bonnet-box, such as milliners use to pack their goods in; an oblong or square shaped one is the most easy to adapt. It must be covered outside entirely with plush, and lined inside with quilted satin. The knobs or handles of the sticks are to be used as the feet of the stand, so must be chosen as flat as possible with a view to this. Cut a groove at the end of each stick just below the ferrule. Attach a stick to each corner of the covered box, with a stout needle and very strong thread, allowing each stitch to rest in the groove cut in the stick. Cut a second groove in the sticks, just about where the middle of the box will come, and sew them together, just as the top fastenings were managed. Secure the box and the sticks once more together near the bottom of the box. Finish off with ball fringe round the top and bottom of the work receptacle, and twist ribbons of appropriate colors down the corners, finishing with a stylish bow and long ends. Be rather careful that the bows are not exactly alike at each corner. A little cover of the quilted satin, edged with ball fringe, is an improvement. Stands of this kind look pretty if the legs are composed of three sticks instead of four. The three sticks are crossed below the trimmed box and tied up with ribbons. The work receptacle can also be made with a round base and deep sides, so that it resembles in shape the ornamental drain pipes that were lately so popular for painting upon. Crimson and amber are the favorite colors to use for the long bows and ends of ribbons that ornament knick-knacks.—*Christian Union.*

HOME NOTES.

BY KATHARINE ARMSTRONG.

The home, the "living-place," needs and shows, more than any other, the advantages and benefits of "Heaven's first law." How great the contrast between a well-ordered, well-kept home and one where good management is "notable for its absence"; where all the arrangements seem to be "at sixes and sevens," no stated time for any part of the work, no regular, certain hour for meals, but everything apparently left to blind chance!

If one needs a help, or reminder, let a written memorandum be made of the best order for the requirements of each day. As a reference, it will be found of great assistance in carrying out regular plans of work.

We confess to some ignorance of the best domestic management in the country, but in the city all skilful house-keepers observe certain days for certain departments of the work, and all goes on "as regularly as clock-work." Monday is the "regulation day" for washing, Tuesday for ironing, Wednesday for the cleaning of windows, mirrors, glass shades and the like, Thursday for cleaning the silver-ware, Friday for general and thorough sweeping, and Saturday for the weekly kitchen regulation—re-papering the dresser and pantry shelves, brightening up the dull tin-ware, and, with strong soda-water, making the floor a spotless white.

With the necessary work thus equalized and ordered, a servant knows what to do and when to do it, and, if of fair intelligence, soon falls into the traces, and finds them comparatively easy, no one day harder than another.

The weekly work well done, the regular routine carried out, and that great domestic bugbear, house-cleaning, will lose half its terrors, for much less of it will be necessary, and that can be done easily. The carpets must be raised if they need it; but disturb only one room at a time. Have the carpet up and cleaned, and down again before night, and that one room in order, at all events. Don't make paterfamilias and everybody else homesick by stirring up the entire house at once, when it cannot be settled, or a comfortable place made for any of the family to sit, for ten days at least. "Easier said than done," you say. Not so; for if you are able to have your house cleaned at all, determine to do it slowly, systematically and well, and you will gain by it; you will save yourself much weariness and worriment, for common sense suggests that house-cleaning is a department of labor that cannot be "rushed" to advantage.

While the carpet is up have the paint all cleaned with ammonia, or borax, in warm water; the walls, or wall-paper, wiped down with a soft cloth tied over a broom, all the pictures taken down, well dusted, and re-hung, and the floor washed with strong soda water. Insect powder around the edges of the carpets will keep moths away; but these little pests seldom trouble a carpet that is well swept once a week. Nothing brightens and cleans a carpet as effectually and satisfactorily as wet corn meal (coarse), not too wet, but sprinkled liberally on, and then swept up. It makes no dust in using, and will become very dark from the fine dirt and dust from the carpet.

Take up the dirt in the middle of each room. Do not allow the bad habit of sweeping all rooms out into the hall, for it ruins it; it is bad management.—*N. Y. Independent.*

SPOILED CHILDREN.

One of the most annoying ways that troublesome children have is of crying at every turn. The spoiled child begins first thing in the morning by crying when he is washed; next he cries because he wants bacon for breakfast instead of bread-and-milk; he is not allowed to stand in the draught to look out of the window, and he cries; he gets at something he ought not to have, and when it is taken away he cries; he cries when dressed to go out for a walk because he wanted to play with his toys; he cries when it is time to return home because he wanted to stay out longer; and so on interminably. Little people are generally taught this habit at an early age, when those in charge of them say, "We must not take that away from him or he'll cry." "If he can't have, or do, such and such, there'll be a scream." The child hears, and finding that a cry or scream is expected of him whenever his little wishes or whims are crossed, he takes care that his friends shall not be disappointed. Another method of training the young into the way of crying at every trifle is by administering excessive condolence for slight troubles. Though far from agreeing with a parent I once knew, who regarded the shedding of a few involuntary tears over a real hurt or grievance, in the light of a punishable offence, I do think that too much is often made of small things, and a spirit of grumbling fostered. "Poor little fellow! The horrid rain has come on, and he can't go out; what a shame!" the foolish nurse will sometimes say; or "poor darling, she has hurt her dear little finger against the nasty door!"

Also, great pains being taken to ameliorate a disappointment in the refusal of a wished-for indulgence, tends to induce the child to exaggerate his affliction in the hope of obtaining greater compensation. So tenacious, moreover, is this habit of crying, that I am personally acquainted with a young lady nearly fifteen years of age who weeps, nay, howls, dolorously whenever her mother goes out without her, or she is desired to perform any task which she dislikes. Another reason why spoiled children make a scene when required to do or submit to anything to which they object, is that they know by experience that if they scream and struggle enough it is just possible they may obtain their own way.

Troublesome children, furthermore, are often mischievous and meddlesome—characteristics which their friends find very trying. "They can't," to adopt an oft-used phrase, "let a single thing alone." Books, pictures, boxes, bottles, all small and attractive articles which are left about suffer from their ill-usage; everything that goes into the house where they reign paramount is in a short time soiled or broken. Friends who would like to give presents to the older members of the family are discouraged and deterred by the certainty that the children will "get at" them; and the amount of wanton damage inflicted upon pretty, and sometimes valuable knick-knacks, is pitiable to contemplate. The parents are vexed, but instead of striking at the root of the evil by training their little ones to be able to see things without touching them, they encourage this annoying habit of meddling, and bring upon themselves endless trouble by putting all spoilable articles further and further out of the children's reach, upon upper shelves, within inaccessible drawers, etc., etc. Then the juveniles themselves, being, as it were, put upon their mettle, and finding that difficulty only adds zest to pursuit, tax their ingenuity to overcome these superimposed obstacles, and possess themselves of the coveted treasures, now rendered doubly desirable by the pains which have been taken to remove them out of their meddlesome reach.—*Jennie Chappell, in Child Culture.*

GAVE HERSELF.

About forty years ago two sisters married at the same time. The elder, whom we shall call Anna, became the wife of a man of wealth, and, when she married, she adopted a calm resolution to use the opportunities that wealth gave to do good in the world.

She died a year or two ago. She had been a prominent member of the church and of society. She was liberal with her gifts to all charities; "to give," she was accustomed to say, "sweetened the moral nature." Nor was she ostentatious in her giving, for she remembered the injunction—"Be not as the hypocrites are." Only she never gave to the extent of making a serious sacrifice.

She was a constant church-goer. She read at a certain time each day a chapter of the Bible, and never failed to conduct family worship. On Sunday afternoons she took apart each of her children in turn, read, and prayed with them. The prayer was very much the same each Sunday, and it never brought a tear to her eyes or to theirs. "To be perfect in every good word and work" was, she frequently stated, her object in life.

She was a woman of great beauty and sound health, and was extremely careful to preserve both of these good gifts. She walked, worked, ate, and slept by rule. She would not allow her children to wear bright colors, lest they might affect her eyes. For the same reason she never permitted herself to weep. Indeed, she avoided the sight of pain or suffering, as grief she said disturbed the digestive organs. She fulfilled all of her duties in the letter, but not one of them in the spirit.

When she died, it was found that she had made every arrangement for a handsome coffin and monument. The only comment made upon her was, "She was a remarkably well preserved woman," and she was then dismissed and forgotten, even by her children.

Her sister Jane was of a different temperament. She was a plain, awkward woman, who had so little cause to be pleased with her person that very early in life she forgot it altogether. She married a poor farmer, was the mother of a large family of boys, and adopted, besides, two orphans, children of friends still poorer than her husband.

She worked early and late, sewing, cleaning, nursing. Now it was her husband for whom she toiled, now the children, now a neighbor, now some poor creature whom nobody else cared to help.

She had her flashes of temper, she made mistakes; she was full of faults; but she brought them with bitter tears to her Master, and struggled on.

While her sister was youthful and placid and smiling, she was wrinkled and old, her hands hard with labor. Something of herself—of her thought, her high hopes, her warm love, her strength,—she gave to all who came near her.

It was no wonder that she showed how heavy the drain had been upon her; but husband and children and friends loved her tenderly in spite of her faults. The hard, rough hands that had worked so faithfully in their service were the fairest on earth to them. More than all, she led her children, one after another, to the Saviour who was so real and near to her.

When, at last, she lay down, silent and still, waiting until God should summon her to work elsewhere, there was not a man or woman who had known her who did not feel that a friend and helper had gone out of the world.—*Youth's Companion.*

USEFUL HINTS.

A good remedy for burns, and one that is generally at hand, is a paste made of flour and cold water.

Ordinary carriage varnish is a good cement for broken china, and if the pieces are joined neatly, the fracture will hardly be perceptible.

Women while sewing should never cut the thread with their teeth, as by so doing they injure the enamel, and in a little while the teeth decay.

It is claimed that holding a shovelful of hot coals over varnished furniture will take out spots and stains. Rub the place while warm with flannel.

Brick made of a mixture of coke, sand and lime, for light partition walls, excludes sound better than brick-work, and is light and a non-conductor of heat.

If your fence is too old for paint to stick on it, a solution of water, glue and lime will form a syndicate that will make it as white as the new fallen snow.

To clean tins, making them almost as nice as new, wash in hot soap suds, dip a dampened cloth in fine sifted coal ashes, scour well, then polish with dry ashes.

To remove paint and putty from window-glass put sufficient saleratus into hot water to make a strong solution, and with this saturate the paint or putty which adheres to the glass. Let it remain until nearly dry, then rub off with a woollen cloth.

Never be alarmed if a living insect enters the ear. Pouring warm water into the canal will drown it, when it will generally come to the surface and can be easily removed by the fingers.

To mend china: Into a solution of gum arabic stir plaster of paris until the mixture assumes the consistency of cream. Apply with the brush to the broken edges of china and join together. In three days the article cannot be broken in the same place. The whiteness of the cement adds to its value.

A mixture to erase grease spots: Equal parts of strong ammonia water, ether and alcohol form a valuable cleaning compound. Pass a piece of blotting paper under the grease spot, moisten a sponge first with water, to render it "greedy," then with the mixture, and rub with it the spot. In a moment it will be dissolved, saponified and absorbed by the sponge and blotter.

PUZZLES.

CHARADES.

In the New Bedford *Standard* recently appeared the following clever charade from an accomplished educator in North Carolina:—

"My first we desire when caught in the rain;
When caught in a church we deplore it;
In book or companion we of it complain,
The fields and the fishes abhor it.

My second is where the wild beasts repair,
There saints, too, have lived and have died;
There live the fierce wolf and the timorous hare,
And the snake with the calico hide.

My whole is an author whose fame is wide-spread,
Though some of his works bring him shame;
About two hundred years he now has been dead,
I leave you to spell out his name.

"W. H."

CROSSWORD.

My first is in black, but not in red;
My second is in couch, but not in bed;
My third is in Latin, but not in Greek;
My fourth is in slender and also in sleek;
My fifth is in tavern, but not in inn;
My sixth is in racket, but not in din;
My seventh is in satin, but not in silk;
My eighth is in tea, but not in milk;
My ninth is in girl, but not in boy;
My tenth is in gladness, but not in joy;
My eleventh is in oval, but not in square;
My twelfth is in polar, but not in bear;
My thirteenth is in salmon and also in eel;
My fourteenth is in see and also in feel;
My whole, by looking, you'll find to be
A capital city beyond the sea.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

1. Tiger.
2. Seem, seam.
   Veil, vale.
   See, sea.
3. Father.

The Family Circle.

THE PAPER THAT WAS CRIED OVER.

BY LOUISA CROW.

CHAPTER I.

The air was clear and dry on the hill, although the mists of an autumn twilight were settling down on the busy little town in the valley below, and as Mrs. Hallett from the terrace walk in her garden watched a puff of white steam in the distant landscape come nearer and nearer she said confidently, "Charlie will be in that train; we shall have him at home with us this evening."

Mr. Hallett had been an invalid for the last week or two; not ill enough to cause any alarm, yet not well enough to go to the city as usual, and thankful that he had a shrewd, sensible son both able and willing to take his place.

As is frequently the case, business was at its briskest just as Mr. Hallett became unequal to it, but Charlie threw himself into the breach manfully, and had even slept in town for several nights, that he might sit later at his books and begin earlier.

The mother would have preferred to stay and watch for her boy's coming; but Mr. Hallett was calling and she went to him.

He was surveying a doomed honeysuckle. It was but one of the many climbling plants trained over the walls, covering them with beauty from the yellow jasmine of early spring till the sweet white clematis and late roses were nipped by the autumn frosts.

"We planted it the year Charlie was born," he reminded his wife. "I suppose you think that would be a reason for letting it stand?"

Mrs. Hallett smiled as she replied, "Nay, John; it is not I who give way to sentiment."

The words were no sooner spoken than she wished she had not uttered them, for a frown contracted her husband's brow and he raised his eyes involuntarily to where a couple of windows were nearly hidden by the passion flower that was allowed to throw its tendrils across them.

In the room those windows should have lighted John Hallett's father had spent the closing years of his life. An accident rendered him incapable of leaving it, and when, after terrible suffering, he expired, his wife, worn out with fatigue and sorrow, soon followed him to the grave.

Was it an affectionate son's tender reminiscences of the dead that caused him to shut up the apartment they had occupied?

No one could say, but so it was. From the day of the funeral not a creature was allowed to enter this room but old Lisbeth, the trusty German who had drifted into the household of the Halletts in her youth.

Lisbeth saw nothing strange in the command she obeyed so literally, going into the closed chamber once a week on tip-toe to sweep and dust as noiselessly as if some one still lay there whom her movements could disturb; but Mrs. Hallet could not enter into the feelings that induced her husband to keep one of the best rooms in the house shut up.

A shout from the children proclaimed that Charlie had come.

His first look was for his mother. After she had satisfied herself that he did not appear to be any the worse for the confinement and hard work of the week she was content to stand quietly by while business matters were discussed. She could have fancied that Charlie was rather restless under the questioning to which he was subjected.

But at last Mr. Hallett appeared satisfied, and he would have led the way indoors, but now in eager haste the young man poured forth the tidings he had been burning to tell.

"Such news for you, father! Mother dear, what do you think has happened? Aunt Mary sent for me the other evening—you will say that that is not a very uncommon occurrence," and Charlie and Mrs. Hallett interchanged amused smiles, for Miss Mary Hallett was one of the fussiest of maiden ladies. "She sent for me that she might introduce me to some new relations from over the sea. You had a brother, papa, who died not long after my grandfather?"

Mr. Hallett did not immediately reply. Yes, he had had a half-brother whose restless disposition had induced him to demand his portion and sail away with it to America. After many wanderings he had settled in Canada and married. Pride had induced him to be silent respecting the mistakes he had made, the misfortunes that had befallen him; but just before the death of the elder Mr. Hallett a rumor reached England that the Canadian farm did not pay and its owner was struggling with sickness as well as an unfavorable season. Offers of help were sent, but they were declined; those offers were repeated to Tom Hallett's widow, and again, but more gratefully, refused. Since that time, long years ago, no intercourse had been kept up between the families; what, then, did Charlie mean?

"It was to my Uncle Tom's elder daughters Aunt Mary introduced me. They are tall, bright, handsome girls, merry and frank and unaffected, yet quite as ladylike as my sisters Eva and Emma. They have led a busy life, working with their mother to free the farm of its encumbrances. Their labors have been successful; they are prospering at last; and so they have felt themselves justified in taking a trip to England to make acquaintance with their kindred."

"And crossed the Atlantic alone!" exclaimed Mrs. Hallett.

"Oh, no, they came under the wing of a friend, the elderly lady who took them to Aunt Mary's. They have fascinated her, and—" Charlie turned to his silent father—"and I think, I am sure, you will like your nieces, sir; they are charming girls."

But Mr. Hallett put out his hands, crying hoarsely, "Keep them away from me! I will not have them here!"

And so saying, he went quickly into the house, whither his startled wife would have followed if her son had not detained her.

"Mother, what does this mean?" he asked in his consternation. "Is my father worse? Is it possible that he knows what he is saying? He never had any quarrel with Uncle Tom, did he? Then what could have made him speak so strangely?"

"I do not know; perhaps a sudden spasm. I must go to him."

"Ah, yes, go, and beg of him to explain himself, for they are coming here, these cousins of mine. I told them, in your name and my father's, that they would be welcome, and so I thought they would. How can I meet them again? how tell them—"

And then, groaning in his impatience and alarm, Charlie hurried his mother indoors.

CHAPTER II.

On Monday morning Mr. Hallett pronounced himself sufficiently restored to go to business. He had repulsed his wife when she attempted to win his confidence; he had given no explanation to his son. Both, therefore, were feeling hurt and anxious, though trying to conceal it from each other.

They would have pitied him had they known what a Sunday he had spent, shutting himself away from his family because every questioning look they turned upon him seemed to pierce his heart and lay bare that which he hid within it.

Yes, the upright, honorable John Hallett had a secret that he had buried so deep down as to be sometimes forgotton until a chance word or recollection would bring it back to his memory. He had a trouble of which no one knew anything but old Lisbeth, and even she did not suspect its nature.

In all honesty of purpose she had told him, as he stood by his mother's coffin, that madam's dearest wish had been to see her absent son Tom.

"I think she had a message for him," Lisbeth added, "a written one. I know that just before your good father died she was talking to him of Master Tom, and I heard her say she was sure he would come back if he could come to the old home."

"Did she wish my father to will this house to him?" asked John Hallett, startled and incredulous.

"I think so," Lisbeth replied. "I know he gave the dear mistress a paper that she cried over after he was gone, but I do not know what she did with it."

That paper had never been found.

At first John Hallett's feelings with regard to it had been of angry surprise. He was the elder brother and had always resided at the Copse. With the approbation of his parents he had brought his bride here, and his children were born under the roof he had come to look upon as his own. He did not deliberately scheme to wrong his brother, but he never made any search for the paper of which Lisbeth had spoken.

And so years had rolled on without any one disputing with John Hallett his possession of the home so dear to him. Lisbeth made no further allusions to the paper. She knew that Master Tom was dead, and she was not aware that it might be of importance to his widow and his offspring.

And now, after all this lapse of time, the children of John Hallett's dead brother had come to England. For what could it be, he asked agitatedly, but to claim their own?

John Hallett started for town oppressed with a new fear. Lisbeth might have found the paper, and, suspecting him of foul play, posted it to Canada.

How he got through the day no one knew, for Charlie pleaded a headache and stayed at home. The disappointed youth would not risk encountering his newly-found relatives while he was unable to account to them for his father's extraordinary refusal to receive them at the Copse. He knew how much they were looking forward to this visit. Had not their father talked to them of his English home till they would be able to recognize every antique piece of furniture in the house, every fine old tree in the garden?

Mrs. Hallett's sympathies were with her son, but she was too dutiful a wife to say so, and seeing that she avoided him, Charlie carried a book into the shrubberies, shunning the eyes of his elder sisters, who for lack of any other reason for his depression, decided that he must have fallen in love.

And so he had. Already his heart had gone out to bright, capable, brown-haired Nell, who seemed to him just what a pure good woman should be. Min was a most attractive girl. He would be a fortunate fellow who won her, but she lacked the indescribable something that made her sister bewitching.

At last he went indoors to find his mother, and—if he could get her by herself—to confess how keenly he would feel a separation from the pretty Nellie, who was rapidly becoming dear to him.

He hurried to the morning-room and had entered it from the garden before he became aware that the parlor-maid was just ushering in some visitors.

It was too late to retreat; they were actually in the room, Nell and Min, gazing around them with shy pleasure, and Miss Mary Hallett, her broad face beaming with smiles as she caught hold of her sister-in-law's hands and kissed her on both cheeks.

"My dearest Jennie, I have brought these dear girls to spend a few days with you—poor Tom's daughters; of course, Charlie has told you all about them. Ah, there he is! Fetch your sisters, Charlie. And ask the cabman, my dear boy, to carry in our trunks. It was a good thought of mine to come with our nieces, wasn't it? How pleased John will be when he gets home and finds us all here!"

Mr. Hallett by a great effort composed himself sufficiently to meet his guests, but if his lips were pale and he turned away from them to shade his eyes with his hand, they saw nothing suspicious in it.

On the contrary, their conviction that he was thinking of their father, of whom this gray-haired, stately gentleman was the living image, drew them towards him. They hovered near his chair, they left off speaking when they heard his voice, and when, complaining of fatigue, he rose to go to his room, moved by the same impulse, both girls ran forward to put their arms about his neck and hold up their fair young faces for a good-night kiss.

It was plain that he had been mistaken when he fancied they had come to wrest his home from him, but he was none the happier for the knowledge. He tried to appear calm and cheerful, to respond to the affection with which his nieces were disposed to regard him, but when they talked—as they did freely—of the trials and struggles they and their mother had gone through before and after their bereavement, his heart fainted within him and his remorse would become overpowering.

John Hallett would fain have made atonement. He thrust into Nell's hand a roll of notes, but it was promptly returned.

"Dear uncle, we want nothing from you but your love. How can you imagine that while we are strong and well able to work we would rob you of what you have earned for your children?"

No, he was not to be allowed to gloze his conscience by this kind of compensation. Neither was it any use protesting that the very act of leaving the Copse away from him—the eldest son—was unfair, especially as Tom's portion had been justly meted out to him at his own desire. As long as Tom's daughters were in his house, keeping alive the old recollections, how could he be at peace with himself?

Four days elapsed—anxious ones to Charlie and his mother, who watched Mr. Hallett's changing moods, but hesitated to speak of them even to each other, yet very pleasant ones to the young Canadians. Attributing to their uncle's ill-health the shadow they saw on his brow and the troubled looks his wife and son would interchange, they were always gentle and sympathetic.

It was the only check on their enjoyment of their visit to their English relations. Aunt Mary, in spite of her fidgety ways, was a lovable old lady. Mrs. Hallett was very motherly, and as for Charlie, ah, Nell would sigh whenever she reminded herself how soon their stay in England would draw to a close.

One morning the sisters were on their way to the garden when they saw Lisbeth in the act of unlocking the door of the closed chamber. They pressed into it with her. Why should they not? They knew of no prohibition and were so eager to hear all she could tell them about grandmamma that presently Lisbeth opened a tall press and shook out before them the folds of their grandmother's wedding-gown.

As she described her mistress, who had been always young and beautiful in her eyes, Nell saw that from the pocket of the dress a morsel of the bridal handkerchief was peeping. To get a better view of the fine old lace that bordered it she drew it out, and with it came a folded paper.

"Ah!" cried Lisbeth, "it is the one my good master gave to her before he died. She must have gone to the press and slipped it into the pocket of this dress instead of her ordinary one; they hung together then. Take it, young ladies. I believe, nay, but I am sure, it concerns your father."

Mr. Hallett was just sitting down to the early breakfast which his wife had risen to share with him when Nell and Min came to his side with the paper.

"We have not opened it, dear uncle; it is you who should read it to us. Perhaps it was to let my father know that his parents had quite forgiven him for leaving them. He used to say he had not acted well in deserting them."

But John Hallett pushed the paper from him.

"The hand of God is in this," he groaned. "Read for yourselves and ease my soul of the burden that lies heavily upon it. Lisbeth told me there was such a paper in existence, but my search for it was a half-hearted one. I valued my home more than what is right, but if I am to lose it I will bear the loss without murmuring, for I have had greater mercies bestowed on me than I deserve."

Mrs. Hallett drew nearer and laid her cheek against her husband's, while Min in faltering tones read the few feebly traced lines the paper contained:

"I have thought over your wish, dear wife. It is hard to say you nay, but I cannot let compassion for Tom make me unjust to his brother. Do you not know that if John had not toiled early and late at the time of that terrible crisis we must have been ruined? It was his industry, his perseverance, that enabled us to retain the home that has grown so dear to us. When we are gone let him reap the fruit of his labors. Tom will not love us any the less because we have nothing more to give him but our blessing."

So the Copse was the property of John Hallett after all; but who that saw his face just then would have ventured to congratulate him? He bowed it on his hands and the sisters stole away, leaving him alone with the tender, faithful wife, from whom he nevermore had a secret.

Nell and Min went back to Canada at the appointed time, but they did not refuse the useful gifts their uncle added to their luggage, for they saw that he would be a happier man if allowed to take the place of the father they had lost. Charlie will follow them in the spring to fetch home his bride.

—*The Quiver.*

THE OLIVE TREE.

The olive has been an emblem of peace since the time that the dove returned to the Ark, with a leaf "pluckt" from the top of a tree appearing above the receding waters of the flood. With the idea of peace, in the case of the olive, seems to be included that of cultivation, civilization, and prosperity.

This tree, most probably at first introduced from Asia, is common to the whole of the South of Europe.

It is for the oil produced from the fruit that the tree is cultivated. In most fruits the oil is contained in the kernel, as in the almond, but the olive is remarkable from having the oil in the outer fleshy part of the fruit, and it is from this part that most of its oil comes. The greater portion of our olive oil comes from Italy.

In Spain it is used, as well as for other purposes, in making the renowned Castile soap, which is made with potash instead of soda-alkali—as our soap is made. The wood has a beautiful grain, marked with dark veins on a light yellow ground, and it is used for making knick-knacks.

In France it has been pressed into moulds for the making of boxes.

The illustration gives an idea of the form of the olive. The color which we call olive-green is that of the fruit, the foliage is of a much lighter tint. The leaves of the trees are a greenish gray, and "olive-tint" better expresses their color. Botanically, the olive is allied to the lilac, the privet, and, strange to say, the ash. Though this is rather surprising, it has been ingeniously proved by successfully grafting the olive upon the ash stock.

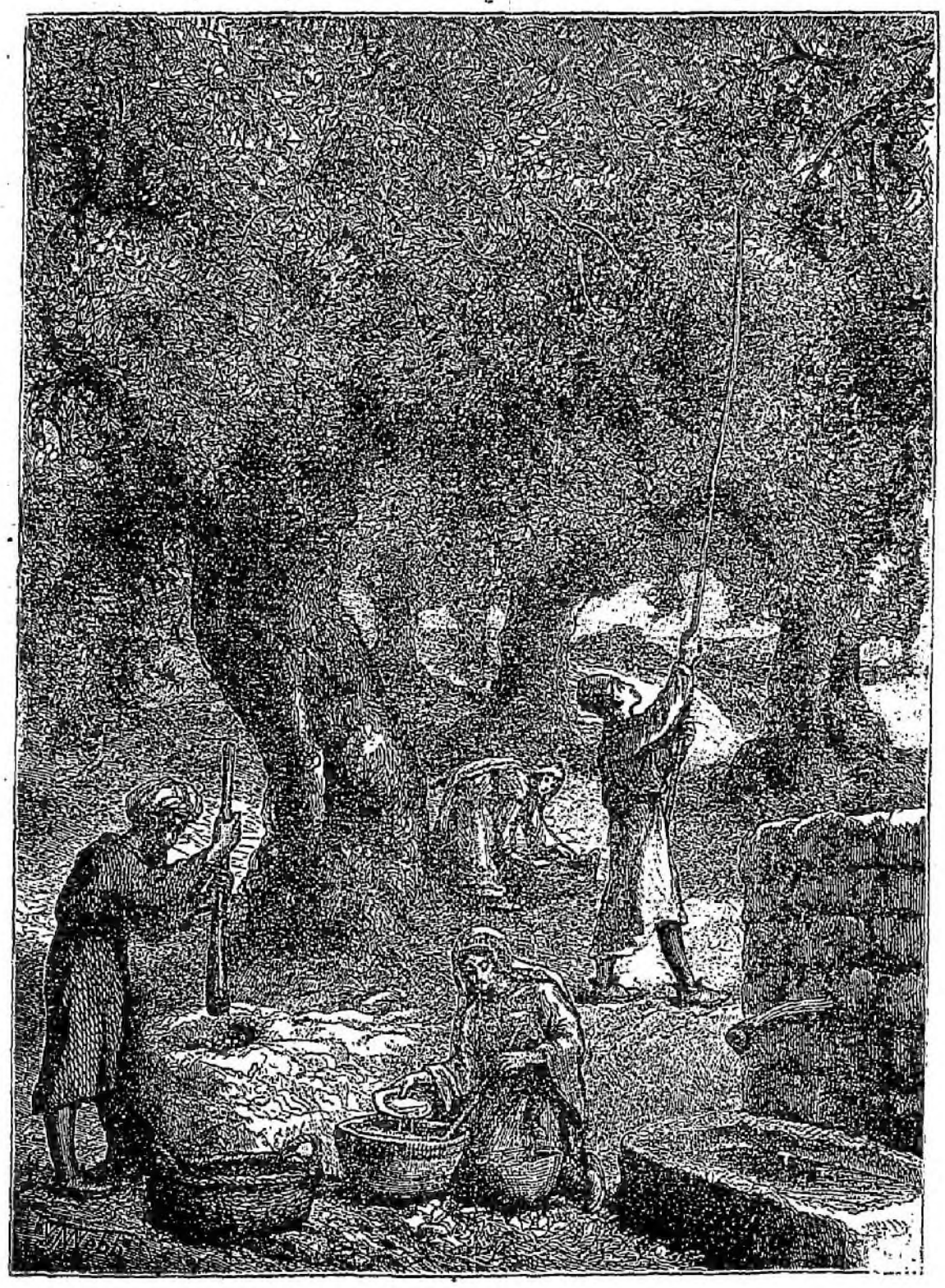
The trees mentioned above would give to our readers little idea of the appearance of the olive Of all the trees in this country which the writer has seen, the greyish-colored willow tree, from which we gather what is called palm, ready for Palm Sunday, is, when in full leaf, most like the olive tree.

The fruit when ripe is beaten from the trees with long sticks. This, of course, would not do in the case of other fruits, but to extract the oil the fruit has to be more thoroughly beaten or crushed. In Palestine, for the latter purpose, the fruit is usually taken to a mill, and spread under a large, rolling mill-stone, moved round and round upon others by a camel or mule, as in the pug-mills upon our brickfields; with the difference that mill and animal are under cover. The oil runs along little runnels from the crushed fruit, and is collected. But by beating the fruit with sticks, it is said the choicest oil is made, the beaten mass afterwards being placed in water, and the oil, which rises to the surface, run off.

We know how some oils grow hard with exposure to the air, notably linseed oil, which is used with oil-paint, but olive oil, though it will freeze into a mass with great cold, does not clog or oxidise, as it is called, and therefore it is used by watch and clock-makers for oiling their delicate work. The oil is also used extensively in the east for making soap, and as an article of food as in frying fish, in making omelettes with eggs, and a delicious dish made with the oil rubbed into flour or wheat which forms into a multitude of little pellets, which are afterwards cooked.

From the earliest times the oil made from the fruit must have been used for burning in lamps, and those sacred ones ordained for use in the golden candlestick or candelabra in the Tabernacle of Moses, were fed with this oil. Of the olives of the Holy Land we give a picture, with a grove of trees in the distance.

Round about Jerusalem there are some groves of trees fairly evenly planted, and the trees are of regular size; but in many parts notably upon the Mount of Olives, the trees are at irregular intervals and the sizes vary. The olive has always been thought to live to a great age. Pliny says that in his time there was one at Athens which the people believed to be as old as their city, that is, sixteen hundred years. Chateaubriand says "those in the garden of Olivet (Gethsemane) are at least of the time of the Eastern Empire, as is demonstrated by the following circumstance. In Turkey every olive tree found by the Mussulmans at the time they conquered Asia, pays one medina to the Treasury, while each one planted since the conquest is taxed half its produce. The eight olives in the garden are charged only eight medinas." Some suppose that these olive trees have been in existence since the time of our Saviour. The trees in the garden, which is now enclosed with a wall, and lies at the foot of the Mount of Olives, certainly look much older than those upon the Mount. The former have thick trunks gnarled and split. Possibly under these trees our Saviour walked. From the higher slope of the Mount of Olives He looked over "the city, and wept over it," and from its height he ascended up to heaven, to come again "in like manner."—*W. J. Webb, in English Magazine.*



THE OLIVE TREE.

TERRIBLE ADVENTURE OF A BOY.

During the disastrous war which raged in 1868 between the Maories (natives of New Zealand) and the white population many natives were taken prisoners, of whom one hundred and eighty-seven in number were placed on a certain island with guards over them. Among these prisoners was a man named Kooti, who claimed to be inspired and who on this account had acquired great power over his companions. Led by this man, a revolt took place; the prisoners seized a ship which had come to the island with stores, and so contrived to escape to the mainland, making their way over a very rough country towards the interior. Being intercepted by a small military force, a fight took place, in which the white men were defeated, while the escaped prisoners went here and there, ravaging the country and committing terrible excesses.

At length they reached Poverty Bay. At this place there were about two hundred Europeans and twice that number of natives, who for the most part were peaceably disposed, but in an excited condition of mind. Some of the white men, feeling alarmed at the state of the country, manned a fort and took shelter there, but the greater part remained in their own houses, more or less scattered. It was a terrible night when Kooti and his followers arrived. Some escaped by flight, owing their safety to a faithful old native chief—a Christian—who sheltered them and then passed them on to friends of his, while Kooti and his men were in hot pursuit. Sad to tell, this noble deed cost the old chief his life, for when Kooti demanded to know where the white men had gone the old man refused to betray their retreat, and was struck down along with his two young boys.

In the meantime what was going on among the other Europeans who had not escaped? Alas! a terrible massacre had taken place, and we shall now follow the fortunes of a little boy who was one of the very few survivors.

This boy's father, Capt. W——, had been sitting up late writing letters, all his family being in bed. Some natives knocked at his door, saying that they had brought a letter for him, but, suspecting treachery, he desired them to put the letter under the door. Finding that he would not open to them, the natives fired the house at both ends, and the unfortunate family had to come out or be burned to death. The family consisted of Capt. W——, his wife, their four young children, and a servant-man.

As they left the burning house, Capt. W—— with his revolver in his hand, the natives declared that they did not intend to harm him or his family, and, as if to prove their sincerity, one of them picked up a child to carry, Capt. W——, his wife, and the servant carrying the other three.

Scarcely had they gone two hundred yards when a native rushed upon the servant and knocked him down, while another stabbed Capt. W—— in the back. He fell dead to the ground, with his little boy James, eight years old, in his arms. This poor little fellow contrived to extricate himself from the death grasp of his father, and, in the darkness, to escape to the shelter of some scrub, where he wandered about till daylight. Fearing to be detected by the natives, he kept himself concealed till the pangs of hunger could no longer be endured. Then he entered a house, empty but not destroyed, where he found some food.

But his little heart was longing to ascertain the fate of his family, and in spite of the danger he went back to his old home. The dead bodies still lay on the ground, and at last he found his mother in the little out-house, to their mutual surprise and delight. She had been wounded by the natives and had been left for dead, but had managed after a time to creep back to the house.

Here the brave boy contrived to sustain her for several days upon eggs and whatever else he could forage; but the unfortunate lady was so desperately wounded that she felt that she could not long survive without assistance.

She procured a card and a pencil from her dead husband's pocket, and after four hours' labor and many failures she contrived to write a few lines beseeching for help. But the nearest settlement was six miles away and the whole country was overrun by hostile natives. How could she ask her little boy, only eight years old, and weak with hunger and suffering, to leave her and to carry her letter to town?

But James though young and weak, was brave and loved his mother. Giving her one kiss and supplying her with what food he could find, he concealed the little note about his dress and went away upon his almost hopeless errand. No doubt he was followed by his mother's prayers—no doubt he prayed himself that God would help him to find friends to take care of his suffering mother.

And he did find such friends, even before he reached the town. He was met by a party who were scouring the country in search of any missing settlers. These men with all haste procured a litter and gently carried the poor sufferer to a place of safety. She was tended with the greatest care and rallied for a time, so that hopes were entertained of her recovery. But she had suffered too much, mentally and bodily. A few weeks later the end came, and she succumbed to the terrible injuries she had received.

Little James, thus left without parents or sisters, was sent to England, where loving relatives received the orphan boy.—*Chatterbox.*

A CHILD'S WORK.

A little girl was anxious to be of service to some one. She asked her teacher what she could do. "You could bring your father to the Sunday-school."

The father was a drunkard, and very profane. He had never been to a Sunday-school. At first the girl's efforts were unsuccessful. She could not even get him to the door of the little log-house where the school was kept. She quietly and kindly persevered. At last the father joined the school.

"What is the result?" asked Mr. Moody, as he told the incident to illustrate that the weakest might do good service: "The father has planted 1,180 Sabbath schools."

A RECENT GERMAN WRITER says: "The lark goes up singing toward Heaven, but if she stops the motion of her wings then straightway she falls. Prayer is the movement of the wings of the soul; it bears one heavenward but without prayer we sink."

OUR SOVEREIGN LADY.

(By the Author of "English Hearts and English Hands.")

CHAPTER III.—THE COURT AND THE COUNTRY IN PEACE AND IN WAR.

The married life, thus happily begun, was full to the brim of varied interests and incessant occupations, not unmixed with many anxieties; but all the pleasant things were doubly pleasant, and all the cares were lightened, when the loving and trusting husband and wife could share them together.

Prince Albert, no less than his beloved Queen, desired to raise the character of Court life; and to this end he so lived,

"In that fierce light that beats upon a throne,"

that no breath of slander was ever able to dim the lustre of his pure life. The day's routine in the Palace was carefully arranged. The royal husband and wife breakfasted together at nine o'clock, walked together afterwards, then attended to business together, and, when time allowed of it, they drew, and etched—a taste shared by both. Luncheon was at two o'clock; and then an interview with the Premier generally occupied the Queen until between five and six o'clock, when she drove in her phaeton, either with the Prince or with the Duchess of Kent, or one of her ladies, the Prince then riding beside them. Almost every day he read aloud to the Queen. The dinner hour was eight o'clock, and there was always company to be entertained. In the evening there would be music, in which Prince Albert excelled; and in these early days he and his beloved Queen often played and sang together. The Prince also generally enjoyed a game at chess. The Court set an example of early hours, and the party had usually dispersed before eleven o'clock.

The Prince, who was a very abstemious man, appeared almost to grudge the time given to eating and drinking. His life was so full of purpose that amusement, for mere amusement's sake, had no charm for him. He was a fearless and skilful horseman, but he only cared for hunting as an occasional recreation, and wondered that men could make that, or any other sport the chief business of their lives.

Easter was spent at Windsor; and then the Queen and the Prince partook of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper together, for the first time. "The Prince," the Queen tells us, "had a very strong feeling about the solemnity of the act;" and he and the Queen generally dined alone on these occasions, when in the evening he would read aloud to her from some religious book and they enjoyed sacred music together.

Amongst the many royal guests entertained at Windsor Castle, was the gentle, widowed Queen Adelaide, who could even bear to re-visit the stately home, once her own; and who rejoiced to see how well her beloved niece was filling the throne. The Queen and the Prince occasionally visited the houses of some of their nobility; and it has been truly written that "they went nowhere but that they made things better for the people," and that "no opportunity of doing real good was lost." The children of the scattered inhabitants of Windsor Forest had been left almost without education. The Queen and Prince organized schools for them, in which they took a great interest, and which cost them £1,000 a year. In these schools the children were taught, besides their religious and secular education, to make their own clothes, cook their meals, and to attend to the gardens.

On the first of June Prince Albert took the noble step of identifying himself with the friends of freedom and humanity, by taking the chair at a great meeting for the Abolition of the Slave Trade. His speech on that occasion made a marked impression on his audience.

The news of the birth of the Princess Royal, on the 21st of November, was received with joy throughout the country; the safety of the royal mother and her infant counterbalancing any momentary feeling of disappointment that the child was not a son; and on the 10th of the following November, the joy in the Home, the Court, and the Country, was made complete by the birth of the Prince of Wales. When he was about a month old, his royal mother wrote to her uncle Leopold, King of the Belgians—"I wonder very much who my little boy will be like. You will understand how fervent are my prayers, and I am sure everybody's must be, to see him resemble his father in every respect, both in body and mind..... We must all have trials and vexations, but if one's home is happy, then the rest is comparatively nothing. My happiness at home, and the love of my husband, his kindness, his advice, his support, and his company, make up for all."

By a careful husbanding of their time, the young parents managed to see a great deal of their children, and of each other. An artist employed on some fresco paintings in Buckingham Palace gardens about this time, writes of the Royal Family: "The Queen and the Prince have breakfasted, heard morning prayers with the household in the private chapel, and are out at some distance from the palace, talking to us in the summer house, before half-past nine o'clock. After the public duties of the day, and before the dinner, they come out again, evidently delighted to get away from the bustle of the world, to enjoy each other's society in the solitude of the garden. ... Here too the royal children are brought out by the nurses; and the whole arrangement seems like real domestic pleasure."

Public duties were as sedulously attended to as ever; and from time to time the dry details of State business were lightened to our Queen by an opportunity of throwing the weight of her royal influence upon the side of mercy.

Thus we find her, when a treaty was being arranged between England and Madagascar, writing with her own hand on the margin. "Queen Victoria asks, as a personal favor to herself, that the Queen of Madagascar will allow no persecution of the Christians." Good success attended that effort, for in the return treaty these words occurred: "In accordance with the wish of Queen Victoria, the Queen of Madagascar engages there shall be no persecution of the Christians in Madagascar."

THE QUEEN AT THE TIME OF HER MARRIAGE.

So the years passed on, years of great progress in the Nation, in the spread of education, and in the knowledge of the arts of peace and civilization; railways, steam navigation, electric telegraphs, the penny postage, and other beneficial changes were being rapidly developed; and during the same period many useful and merciful alterations were made in the laws of the land. Slavery was abolished, the punishment of death was restricted to the crime of murder, and the treatment of prisoners was vastly improved. These great benefits were brought about mainly by the ceaseless exertions of a noble band of workers, whether in or out of Parliament—names that will be for ever remembered, such as William Wilberforce, Thomas Clarkson, Sir Fowell Buxton, that great and devoted woman, Elizabeth Fry, her brother, John Joseph Gurney, and other friends of a kindred spirit. Greater activity began now to be shown in all matters connected with religion; the Bible, the Missionary, and other excellent societies, receiving an impetus which has since gone on ever increasing, and many new charitable and Christian agencies sprang into existence.

Early in Queen Victoria's reign, that dauntless champion of the poor, the weak, the oppressed, the miserable—the young Lord Ashley of that time, now known wherever the English tongue is spoken as "the great and good Earl of Shaftesbury," began his gallant crusade against cruelty and wrong. His first efforts were directed to carrying through Parliament a bill to reform the laws concerning lunatics, who, up to that period, were subjected to horrible maltreatment. Soon afterwards he became Chairman of the Board of Lunacy, and continued to occupy the post as long as he lived.

Lord Shaftesbury, and his benevolent friends and followers, then proceeded to the deliverance of little chimney-sweeps from their fiery dangers and other miseries; and having now fairly set forward on the campaign of rescue, they found that each step revealed to them more sufferings to be alleviated, more wrongs to be righted.

The groans, from dark and dreary mines, of the women and children subjected to worse torments than any inflicted on beasts of burden; the wail that rose above the din of machinery in crowded factories, where children, as well as men and women, were worked like slaves for sixteen hours a day—the tender little ones growing into misshapen dwarfs; the cries from the brick kiln yards, where mere babies, from three years old and upwards, were carrying heavy weights on their soft heads, and walking many miles in a day; reached their ears, and pierced their hearts. They never rested until, in the face of ridicule and opposition within the House of Commons and without it, and through a storm of abuse from those whose interests were affected by the proposed reforms, these appalling cruelties had been dragged into the light, seen in all their hideousness, and finally abolished by the series of Acts of Parliament known as the Shaftesbury Acts.* Later on, in conjunction with other like-minded men, Lord Shaftesbury began and carried on plans for the reform of criminals, by emigration and other means; and for the prevention of crime amongst homeless and friendless lads, by establishing ragged schools, blacking brigades, and training ships, to give them a chance of honest employment. Many other schemes for the good of costermongers, flower-girls, and others, were set on foot under his guidance and with his generous help; and his never-wearying support was given to every organization that might conduce to the spiritual and moral elevation of the masses. In these, and in all other philanthropic and Christian efforts which have graced her reign, Her Majesty has taken the deepest interest.

During these years, while the domestic life at the Court was a model for the subjects, friendly relations were also kept up with foreign powers. The Queen and the Prince paid visits to France, and to the King and Queen of the Belgians; and at different times in their own country, they visited Cambridge, and other places of interest, and they showed their sympathy in everything that concerned the people. At home, the Queen received, and entertained right royally, three of the crowned heads of Europe.

In alluding to these hospitalities the Prime Minister, Sir Robert Peel, in his speech at the beginning of the year 1845, paid this remarkable tribute to Her Majesty:—"In the course of last year three sovereigns visited this country, two of them the most powerful sovereigns in the habitable globe—the Emperor of Russia and the King of the French. Those visits of necessity created a considerable increase of expenditure, but through the wise system of economy, which is the only source of true magnificence, Her Majesty was enabled to meet every charge, and to give a reception to those sovereigns which struck everyone by its magnificence, without adding one tittle to the burdens of the country. And I am not required on the part of Her Majesty to press for the extra expenditure of one shilling on account of these unforeseen causes of increased expenditure. I think that to state this is only due to the personal credit of Her Majesty, who insists upon it that there shall be every magnificence required by her station, but without incurring a single debt."

When two more children had been added to the royal nursery, the Princess Alice, now of beloved and blessed memory, and Prince Alfred,—the need of a quiet, and, if possible, a seaside home, was felt; and the choice fell on Osborne House in the Isle of Wight. "It sounds so pleasant to have a home of one's own," wrote the Queen to her uncle, King Leopold, "quiet and retired.... It is impossible to see a prettier place." On the evening of the day when they had taken possession, Prince Albert said: "We have in Germany a psalm for such occasions:

"God bless our going out, nor less
Our coming in, and make them sure;
God bless our daily bread, and bless
Whate'er we do, whate'er endure;
In death unto His peace awake us,
And heirs of His salvation make us."

So the merry "house-warming" was made really gladder, by the father's thoughts of God and of prayer.

(To be Continued.)

* Earliest amongst these reformers, in Parliament, was Mr. Sadler, M. P. for Newark, to whom Lord Shaftesbury always gave the whole credit of originating "The Factory Acts,"—saying, with his usual nobility, of Mr. Sadler and those who worked with him, "If they had not gone before, I do not believe it would have been in my power to have achieved it."

HARMONY AT HOME.

1. We may be quite sure that our will is likely to be crossed during the day; so let us prepare for it.

2. Every person in the house has an evil nature as well as ourselves, and therefore we must not expect too much.

3. Look upon each member of the family as one for whom Christ died.

4. When inclined to give an angry answer, let us lift up the heart in prayer.

5. If from sickness, pain or infirmity we feel irritable, let us keep a very strict watch over ourselves.

6. Observe when others are suffering, and drop a word of kindness.

7. Watch for little opportunities of pleasing, and put little annoyances out of the way.

8. Take a cheerful view of everything, and encourage hope.

9. Speak kindly to dependents and servants, and praise them when you can.

10. In all little pleasures which may occur, put self last.

11. Try for the soft answer that turneth away wrath.—*Congregationalist.*

IF THERE IS TO BE WORK accomplished, it is to be done through human as well as divine efforts. God could put a man on the top of an Alpine peak, and have him preach one sermon that would convert the whole world; but that is not His way of doing things. God wants our hearts.—*Moody.*

OUR SOVEREIGN LADY.

(By the Author of "English Hearts and English Hands."

CHAPTER III —*(Continued).*

In this country home, as the years went by, and the elder children left the nurseries to their little successors, many pleasures were provided for them, but all were made to serve in their training for future usefulness. Each child had a flower garden, a vegetable garden, a little hot-house, a forcing frame; a carpenter's shop was prepared for the boys, a small building, with kitchen dairy, &c., for the girls; and the royal children, busy and happy, did real work in each department, and from the kitchen many comforts, made by skilful young fingers, found their way to the cottages in the neighborhood.

They had also a Museum of Natural History, and were ardent collectors of "specimens."

The royal parents watched over their training with constant care. On this subject the Queen wrote: "The greatest maxim of all is, that the children should be brought up as simply and in as domestic a way as possible; and that (not interfering with their lessons) they should be as much as possible with their parents, and learn to place the greatest confidence in them, in all things." The Prince was himself the chief instructor of his children. He furnished the plan for their education; appointed their different teachers; superintended the whole himself, and read every book before it was put into their hands.

They were brought up very simply, with no luxuries. Their usual dinner, a joint and a plain pudding; and on this homely fare they grew and throve, and were the very picture of a happy English family. Meanwhile, the Prince, who delighted in landscape gardening and in farming, had various improvements carried out, which gave employment to many laborers, whom he treated with kind consideration. At harvest-time the men were dismissed, that they might work for others during that busy season; but directly their engagement was ended, they returned to the work which he always found for them.

There were times in which great anxieties and cares forced themselves upon the hearts of the royal wife and her husband; but they only served to draw them the closer to each other. On the fourteenth anniversary of their wedding day her Majesty thus wrote: "This blessed day is full of joyful and tender emotions. Fourteen happy and blessed years have passed, and I confidently trust many more will, and find us in old age as we are *now*—happily and devotedly united! Trials we must have; but what are they if we are together?"

Seven years after the purchase of Osborne, when the dry and bracing air of Deeside was strongly recommended by their medical adviser, for the health of both the Queen and the Prince, their choice fell upon the estate of Balmoral; and the Prince purchased it, delighted not only with the beautiful situation and the charms of seclusion, but also with the fresh opportunity of exercising his skill in agriculture and other country pursuits. Here, as at Osborne, the well-being of those around, was at once consulted by well-directed efforts to raise their social and moral condition. Schools were built, and teachers were supplied wherever they were needed. An excellent library was established at Balmoral, and was open, not only to the servants and the tenants, but to all the neighborhood. Blacksmiths, joiners, and other small tradesmen were encouraged to settle on the estate by comfortable houses with gardens and a field for a cow being let to them at a moderate rent. "No good man was displaced, no honest effort at improvement went unnoticed. The duties of property, indeed, were never more thoroughly recognized than by both the Queen and the Prince."

The year 1851 was marked by the opening of the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park, the forerunner as it has proved of numerous useful and beautiful successors. It was the achievement of Prince Albert himself—

"Far-sighted summoner of war and waste,
To fruitful strifes and rivalries of peace"—

and the scheme was carried through to its brilliant accomplishment, in the face of many difficulties, and not a little opposition; but the ultimate success surpassed all expectation.

On that memorable May-day, although thousands upon thousands assembled to witness and to share in the festival,—by God's goodness, not a single accident happened.

Our Sovereign Lady has allowed us to know her own thoughts of thankfulness, written in her journal that day:—"God bless my dearest Albert! God bless my dearest country, which has shown itself so great to-day! One felt so grateful to the great God, who seemed to pervade all, and to bless all! The only event which it in the slightest degree reminded me of was the coronation, but this day's festival was a thousand times superior. All the Commissioners who worked so hard, and to whom such immense praise is due, seemed truly happy, and no one more so than Paxton, who may be justly proud; he rose from being a gardener's boy." And the record of the day ends with these words, "I was rather tired; but we were both so happy, so full of thankfulness! God is indeed our kind and merciful Father."

"Behold her in her royal place,
A gentle lady, and the hand
That sways the sceptre of this land,
How frail and weak!
Soft is the voice, and fair the face;
She breathes Amen to prayer and hymn;
No wonder that her eyes are dim
And pale her cheek."

The hope that had animated the Prince, that this great undertaking would tend to bind the nations of the world in peaceful federation, was alas, doomed to disappointment! Even whilst the bells in that Fairy Palace were ringing their last chime, before the gorgeous pageant should pass away like a dream of splendor,—the knell of settled peace had begun to sound in the ears of thoughtful statesmen.

PRINCE ALBERT AT THE TIME OF HIS MARRIAGE.

Signs of the coming storms, which were to convulse, in their turns, Europe, India, and the United States, were already to be seen and felt in the political atmosphere. In September, 1852, the great Duke of Wellington died in his sleep, at Walmer Castle. The Royal Family and the nation mourned together over their lost hero—"one that sought but duty's iron crown." The stately funeral voted for him by Parliament, can never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. Prince Albert followed with the mourners; and the Queen, surrounded by her children, looked down on the solemn procession from a balcony in Buckingham Palace, where the Royal Standard was floating half-mast high.

Throughout the dreary November day, a million and a half of spectators waited to do the last honor to the great soldier of whom England was so justly proud. Hardly was there a dry eye in that vast crowd when "the masterless steed," led by the aged groom, was seen following the funeral car, which was bearing to its last resting place the stalwart form of the "Iron Duke."

In the following year the Queen and Prince Albert, with some of their children, paid their second visit to Ireland, to see the Dublin Exhibition. On the last day of their stay the Queen drove slowly through the streets of Dublin, "unlined with soldiers," —"feeling," as she has told us, "quite sorry that it was the last day of such a pleasant, gay and interesting time in Ireland."

Scotland was re-visited this same autumn, and as the old Castle of Balmoral was found to be too small for the needs of a royal residence, designs were chosen by the Prince, and a contract was entered into for the erection of a new house. Whilst the building was in progress, troublous days began, for the Crimean War broke out. The general excitement caused by the announcement of the first great European war witnessed by this generation, was shared in by every class throughout the country. The consequent rise in prices brought injury to many contractors, and amongst them to the builder who had taken the contract for Balmoral, as the price of his materials was so much raised as to make the undertaking an unfortunate one for him.

But Prince Albert generously took the contract off his hands, retaining him with a good salary to superintend the work; and himself paying full wages to the workmen. Moreover, when a fire broke out in the workshops, the Prince made good all losses sustained by the men, with expressions of kindly sympathy; at the same time the Prince not only encouraged them in their efforts to extinguish the fire, but himself worked with them; whilst the Queen stood by, cheering them with her kind words, and hearty interest in their success.

The Royal Family attended the simple service in the Established Church of Scotland, and honored with their distinguished friendship some of its gifted ministers, the Rev. Norman Macleod, Principal Tulloch and others.

Of one Sunday Her Majesty writes in her journal—"Mr. Macleod showed in the sermon how we all tried to please self, and to live for that, and in so doing found no rest. Christ had come not only to die for us, but to show how we were to live." And again the Queen writes of a sermon by the Rev. J. Caird from Romans xii. 11, "Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord," "He explained in the most beautiful and simple manner what real religion is; how it ought to pervade every action of our lives. Not a thing only for Sundays ... but being good and doing good, letting everything be done in a Christian spirit."

The Queen took a lively interest in the people around her, visiting them in their cottages, bringing in her own hands gifts of warm clothing to the aged, and warming their hearts by the gracious kindness of her words and ways. She sympathised in their joys and their sorrows. We read of her being present at the christening of the infants, and ministering beside the beds of the sick and the dying. She showed a true mother's heart for the children, who are often mentioned in her journal; and the promise of bringing a toy to a little one, made when the Court was leaving Balmoral, was, to the child's expectant delight, faithfully kept on the return; although many great events, including a visit to the Emperor of the French, had intervened to occupy the Sovereign's thoughts.

(To be Continued.)

MR. HUDSON TAYLOR AND CHINESE MISSIONS.

Thirty-one years ago I was about leaving the shores of England for China. My beloved, honored and now sainted mother went to Liverpool. I shall never forget the day that we sailed for China, how that loved mother went with me into the cabin that was to be my home for nearly six months. With a mother's loving hand she smoothed the little bed. She sat down by my side and joined me in singing the last hymn we sang together before we separated. We knelt down and she prayed, the last mother's prayer I was to hear before I went to China.

Then the notice was given that we must part, and I had to say good-bye to that loving mother. Mainly for my sake she restrained her feelings as much as she could. She went on shore, giving me her blessing. I stood on deck, and she followed the ship as we moved towards the dock gates, and the ship was just leaving, I shall never forget the cry of anguish that was wrung from that mother's heart as she felt that I was gone. It went to my heart like a knife. I never knew so fully as then what "God so loved the world" meant, and I am quite sure my precious mother learned more of the love of God for the world in that hour than in all her life before.

Fourteen years later I was at work in China, and my own beloved first-born child was with me. She was not well, and I took her to a place some little distance from Hang-Chow, hoping the change would benefit her health. When we went on shore my dear child and I took a walk into a wood near by, that we might have some quiet prayer together under the shade of trees.

While we were there my child, who was only eight years of age, for the first time saw a man making an idol. The sight grieved her to the heart. She looked up into my face and said, "Oh, papa, that man does not know Jesus! He would never make an ugly idol like that if he knew Jesus." I had not so much faith in the result of the message as my dear child had, but I went and told him the story of God's great love in the gift of His Son. Then we went away, and the man went on making the idol. After we had gone a little distance we sat down, and I said to my child, for I saw her heart was burdened, "What shall we sing?" she said, "Let us sing—'Rock of Ages, cleft for me.'" We sang that hymn, and then I said to her, "Will you pray first?" She prayed, I never heard such a prayer as she offered. For about fifteen minutes she went on pleading that God would have mercy on the poor Chinese, and strengthen her papa to preach Christ to them. My heart was bowed before God; I could not describe it to you.

Next morning I was summoned away to see a sick missionary at a distance, and had to leave my loved ones. When I came back she was unconscious and she never recognized me again. The prayer for the poor Chinese was the last conscious words I heard her speak. As I stood over her grave I praised God that He had permitted me to part with my dear child in His service in China. I knew then, as I never knew before, what "God so loved the world" meant.

That is how some of us have attained this knowledge of God. He has given us to have sympathy with Himself in His not withholding His only begotten Son, and in that Son giving Himself in order that the world might be saved.—*Selected.*

"FIVE HUNDRED percent. increase in the trade in women's and children's clothing" is reported as one result of Prohibition in some towns in the Southern States of America.

THE DEACON'S STORY.

"Yes," said the deacon, "there's many a man that calls himself honest that's never so much as enquired what amount of debts heaven's books are going to show against him. I've learned that. There were years in my life when I hardly gave a cent to the Lord without grudging it, and I've wondered since what I'd ever have talked of if I'd gone to heaven in those days, for I couldn't talk about anything but bargains and money-getting here, and those wouldn't have been suitable subjects up yonder.

"I know I read once about one of the kings of England, Edward I., who had an officer called the Lord High Almoner, and one of the things that man had to do was to 'remind the king of the duty of almsgiving.' I've thought to myself many a time that it would be well for a good many folks nowadays if they had King Edward's almoner to stir them up to give. Not to the poor only, I mean, but to all the needs of the cause of Christ. There are lots of people besides the children of Israel that need a Moses to say to them, 'It is he that giveth thee power to get wealth.' I've allers thought that that was a grand thing in David, when he'd done such a job, getting together that pile of gold and silver for the temple, and he just turned to the Lord, and said: 'All these things come from thee, and of thine own have we given thee.' Most men would have wanted a little credit for the pains they'd taken themselves.

"Well, in those years I was telling you about it was dreadful how I cheated the Lord out of his due. Once in a long while I paid a little to our church, but I didn't give a cent to anything else. Foreign mission Sunday was my rheumatiz day, regular, and I didn't go to church. Home mission day was headache day with me allers, and I stayed away from meetin'. Bible-society day I'd gen'rally a tech of neuralgy, so I didn't feel like goin' out, and I stayed home. Tract society day I'd begin to be afraid I was goin' to be deaf, and I oughtn't to be out in the wind, so I stayed indoors, and on Sabbath for helping the publication society like as not my corns were unusually troublesome, and I didn't feel able to get out.

"Wife wanted to take a religious paper once, but I wouldn't hear to it. Told her that was nonsense. I didn't believe any of the apostles ever took religious papers. The Bible was enough for them, and it ought to be for other folks.

"And yet I never even thought I wasn't doin' right. I'd come into it a sort a gradual, and didn't think much about giving, anyhow, except as a sort of losing business.

"Well, my little girl Nannie was about eight years old then, and I was dreadfully proud of her, for she was a smart little thing. One Sabbath night we were sitting by the fire, and Nannie'd been saying her catechism, and by-and-by she got kind of quiet and sober, and all of a sudden she turned to me, and says she: 'Pa, will we have to pay rent in heaven?'

"'What?' says I, looking down at her, kind of astonished like.

"'Will we have to pay rent in heaven?' says she, again.

"'Why, no,' says I. 'What made you think that?'

"Well, I couldn't get out of her for a time what she did mean. Nannie didn't know much about rent, anyway, for we'd never had to pay any, livin' in our own house; but at last I found out that she'd heard some men talking about me, and one of them said: 'Well, he's bound to be awful poor in the next world, I reckon. There ain't much of his riches laid up in heaven;' and as the only poor folks that Nannie'd ever known were some folks down at the village that had been turned out of doors because they couldn't pay their rent, that's what put it into Nannie's head that maybe I'd have to pay rent in heaven?

"Well, wife went on and talked to Nannie, and explained to her about the 'many mansions' in our 'Father's house,' you know, but I didn't listen much. I was mad to think Seth Brown dared to talk about me in that way, right before Nannie, too.

"I fixed up some bitter things to say to Seth the next time I met him, and I wasn't very sorry to see him next day in his cart. I began at him right off. He listened to everything that I sputtered out, and then he said: 'Well, deacon, if you think the bank of heaven's got anything in it for you, I'm glad of it; but I've never seen you making any deposits,' and then he drove off.

"Well, I walked over to my blackberry patch and sat down and thought, and the more I thought the worse I felt. I was angry at first, but I got cooler, and I thought of foreign mission Sabbath and the rheumatiz, and home mission Sabbath and the headache, and Bible society day and the neuralgy, and tract day and the corns, till it just seemed to me I couldn't stand it any longer, and I knelt down there in the blackberry patch and said: 'O, Lord, I've been a stingy man if ever there was one, and if ever I do get to heaven I deserve to have to pay rent, sure enough. Help me to give myself, and whatever I've got, back to thee.' And I believe he's helped me ever since. 'Twas pretty hard work at first, getting to giving. I did feel pretty sore over that first dollar I slipped into the collection plate, but I've learned better now; and I mean to keep on giving 'as unto the Lord,' till I go to that heaven where Nannie's been these twenty years."—*Congregationalist.*

BREAD UPON THE WATERS.

On visiting the Conference at Biddeford, Me., we had a very pleasant companion upon the cars of the Main Railway, a gentleman well known in a New York mission centre for his vigorous business abilities and the marked success with which he has developed one of its important departments. "I am going home," he said, in answer to the question as to the occasion of his visit, "down East." When a lad, as he related the story to us, an orphan, seeking employment, he came from Canada to Biddeford. He found employment on very small wages at one of the mills. His clothes were poor, he had no shoes, and could just about earn enough to pay for his cheap board. He had not been in the habit of attending church, and was in no condition to do so if he had desired to go. One Sunday he was passing the Methodist church as the superintendent of the Sunday school stood in the door-way; the kind-hearted man spoke to the lonely boy, asked him if he belonged to any school, and invited him into his. He made no account of his excuses about his dress and bare feet, but said good-natured words to him, and taking him by the hand led him into the schoolroom and placed him in a class of boys of his own age. A well-dressed lad who sat next to him noticed his feet, and after school said to him, "Father has just bought a pair of new shoes for my brother. His foot is just about your size. Come home with me and mother will give you the old pair." With much reluctance he was persuaded to go. The mother received him as if he were a son, fitted him up with shoes and stockings, and invited him to call at the house. All this cost little of sacrifice or money, but it was the turning-point in the boy's history. He has not left the Sabbath school to this day. A church-going habit was formed. He was afterwards happily converted, and has been an active, generous, and very useful member of the Church. The kindly family in Biddeford has been his loved home, to which he has from time to time returned. The mother has been, and is to-day, a mother greatly beloved to him. His companion in the Sunday school class is dead, and in some measure he fills the vacant place in this home circle. How providential these simple incidents! How important to speak the kind and wise word to the shoeless child!

A BEAUTIFUL FATHER.

"Tell your mother you've been very good boys to-day," said a school teacher to two little new scholars.

"Oh!" replied Tommy, "we haven't any mother."

"Who takes care of you?" she asked.

"Father does. We've got a beautiful father. You ought to see him!"

"Who takes care of you when he is at work?"

"He takes all the care before he goes off in the morning and after he comes back at night. He's a house-painter; but there isn't very much work this winter, so he is doing laboring till spring comes. He leaves us a warm breakfast when he goes off; and we have bread and milk for dinner, and a good supper when he comes home. Then he tells us stories and plays on the fife, and cuts out beautiful things with his jack-knife. You ought to see our father and our home, they are both so beautiful!"

Before long, the teacher did see that home and that father. The room was a poor attic, graced with cheap pictures, autumn leaves, and other little trifles that cost nothing. The father, who was preparing the evening meal for his motherless boys, was at first glance only a rough, begrimed laborer; but, before the stranger had been in the place ten minutes, the room became a palace and the man a magician.

His children had no idea they were poor, nor were they so with such a hero as this to fight their battles for them. This man, whose grateful spirit lighted up the otherwise dark life of his children, was preaching to all about him more effectually than was any man in priestly robe in costly temple.

He was a man of patience and submission to God's will, showing how to make home happy under the most unfavorable circumstances. He was rearing his boys to be high-minded citizens, to put their shoulders to burdens rather than become burdens to society in the days that are coming.

He was, as his children had said, "a beautiful father," in the highest sense of the word.—*Sel.*

THE EMPRESS OF JAPAN has given instructions for the adoption of foreign female dress. She declared that the new costume need not be attended with great expense if native materials were utilized. She tried to make the change acceptable to the conservatives by calling attention to the fact that the ancient female costume of Japan bore a strong resemblance to modern European dress. The result of her words will be the sudden adoption of foreign costume by every Japanese lady who has the means, and foreign observers predict great hardship to men of small means. What makes the change specially hard is that large sums of money are invested in clothes, as the styles have been unvarying for hundreds of years.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Question Corner.—No. 15.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. What Old Testament prophet is designated in the New Testament as the preacher of righteousness?
2. To what men in the Old Testament was it commanded not to drink wine at a certain time, under penalty of death?
3. What name does tradition give the three wise men who came from the East to greet the new-born King of the Jews, and from what countries did they come?

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. Gopher. Gen. 8: 14.
2. Gourd. Jonah 4: 6.
3. Grape. Lev. 10: 10.
4. Hemlock. Hos. 10: 4.
5. Hyssop. Ex. 12: 22.
6. Juniper. 1 Kings, 19: 5.
7. Lentiles. Gen. 25: 34.

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